MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE ROSES.

That, as I told you, Estreida, was your

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"Dear me." exclaimed Nurse Jance Purzy Wurzy one day as she walked hollow stump bungalow. This is to bad?"

"What's the matter now" asked Uncle Wiggily Longears. Have Jackies and Jance Wiggily. And Jance Wiggily and Jance Wiggily and Johnnie One Wiggily, antipostyly and Johnnie One Wiggily, antipostyly have been still guide boys. could have taken the flowers."

"No, indeed" said Nurse Janc. "The Now who did it trend one Wiggily. It know who have have been still guide boys. could have taken the flowers."

"No, indeed" said Nurse Janc. "The Now Wingily who hopped along just then, rolling one." "Who?" asked Nurse Janc. "The Wiggily was partiernan."

"The Skuddlemagoon. the Skeezicks." "The Skuddlemagoon. Just the Longe All Skeezicks." "The Skuddlemagoon. The Skeezicks who presented and the brave burny gentiernan."

"The Skuddlemagoon. the Skeezicks "The Skuddlemagoon. The Skeezicks who presented and the brave burny gentiernan."

"On, belease don't' begged Nurse Janc." "The New Yill catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance." The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance." The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance." The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever Jance." The way I'll catch whoever Jance. "The way I'll catch whoever

never give me any more money for others and I—"
"Freddie ought not to afford any

watch, said Baby Bunty. "I can tell any war of Narse Jane"s flowers And you when the Pipsisewal is coming. Uncle Wiggily. "Yes, you may hide with me," said Mr. Longears. "You are a lively little rabbit stri, and you will not fall asleep yourself, nor let me." "Indeed I won't." promised Baby Full tell you next about Uncle Wiggily Bunty, and she kept ticking Uncle and the washing machine.

WHO'S TO BLAME

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON. No sum of money in itself is large or small. Its only value is represented in the labor it cost to earn it.

CHAPTER NO. 124.

Values.

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There was quiet in the little apartment for a few moments. It was Mrs.
Mason who first spoke.

"And so," she said, "if I had been given a hundred and fifty dollars by my husband—or, as it was in your case, almost four weeks of his income—with which to buy furs. I would not have begrudged any time or trouble expended in learning how best to lise that sum. That, as I toid you, Estreida, was your lever give me any more money for

Bringing Up Father-By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mary Likes Her Ice Cream in Wholesale Lots!









THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Like Pudding, the Pr oof Is in the Eating!







JOE'S CAR-Why Not Compromise, Joe, and Get a New Car?











Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.



GOSSIP BY K.C.B.

AND HAD taken them down. FROM THE deck of the boat. TO THE telephone booth. AND THEN to the taxi. AND HAD then waited. WHILE MARGARET. AND THE young man. HAD GRABBED each other. AND SHAKEN hands. OR SAID: "How do you do?" OR KISSED. OR WHATEVER they did. AND AFTER that. YOU HAD stood there. WHILE BOTH of them. HAD CLIMBED into the taxi. AND HAD ridden away. THAT I was quite sure. WHEN ALL this happened

AND SHRUGGED your shoulders. AND SMILED. AND HURRIED back. TO GET somebody else. THAT WASN'T in love. AND I'VE told Margaret. 1 WAS quite certain. THAT IN a porter's life. THERE ARE other things. BESIDES JUST the dimes. AND THE two-bit pieces. AND THE occasional half. AND THE rarer dollar. BECAUSE ONCE upon a time. I HEARD an old lady. TELL A porter. THAT IT wouldn't be fair. IF HE carried her bag. BECAUSE SHE was poor. AND COULDN'T tip him. AND HE took her arm. AND HE took her bag. AND I heard him tell her. WE ALL couldn't be rich. BUT WE all grew old. AND WHEN he left her.

THAT YOU stood there.

FOR A moment or two.

AND WATCHED the taxi.

HE WAS wearing a smile. THAT YOU couldn't have bought. FOR A five-dollar tip. I THANK you.

Just a Moment

Daily Strength and Chief, the Burling of the Burlin

HOROSCOPE

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